December 21. 2023

The Ex-Poseur

Special Supernatural Holiday Issue

What would Jesus post?

WWJP? Most likely a controversial status update about loving your enemies, sparking a holy flame war in the comments section.

Fortunately, within the hallowed pages of this non-digital print zine, you'll find no holy trolls, no sanctimonious memes, and certainly no spam offering eternal salvation at a low, low price (except of the Holiday variety.) —>

Just remember the wise words of St. Nicholas:
The best gift you can give someone is the illusion that you put a lot of thought into their present. That, and a gift receipt… unless you were given a copy of this 'zine, which is free.

Check the box below to see if the Matrix has upgraded to print media. Just draw a smiley face inside the box. If the website responds with an emoji back, you've established a deeply human connection inside a simulation.

Verify you are human
CLOUDFLARE
Privacy • Terms

SUBMISSIONS POLICY:

Welcome to The Ex-Poseur 'Zine, where pretentiousness meets prose.
Faking it till you make it is not just a lifestyle, it's a subscription model. Our submission policy is simple: Word limits are mere suggestions, like trying to control your inner monologue during a high school reunion. As long as your submission doesn't resemble a ransom note made from magazine clippings, you're in the running. We're not in the business of holding your creativity hostage; we're here to set it free, preferably in a bohemian café with overpriced lattes and dim lighting.

It's easy to sit back and complain about everything, but then again, it's also easy to sit back and complain about complaining. So where does that leave us? Probably sitting back and complaining about complaining about complaining.

I seriously underestimated the role 'self-help books' would play in my life. I've read so many, but I still can't seem to help myself from reading more.

Credit cards are the only things that make you feel rich and poor at the same time. 'I have a credit line of $10,000! And, uh, $20 in my checking account.'

Fun fact: Charlie Brown's Christmas tree was a pioneer in the minimalist movement. It's not small; it's just anti-commercialism avant-garde. Take that, Rockefeller Center!

Knock, knock."
"Who's there?"
"9/11."
"9/11 who?"
"You said you'd never forget!"

This joke has appeared in print since at least June 2007 and was cited on Twitter on June 19, 2008. A 2009 book called this "the worst knock-knock joke in history."

Celebrity Sightings!

I saw Brad Pitt at a coffee shop once. Or at least, I think it was Brad Pitt. It might've just been someone who was really good at being handsome from a distance.

When it comes to my health, I'm at that age where I have to stretch before getting out of bed, just to ensure I won't throw my back out reaching for the snooze button.

It's easy to sit back and complain about everything, but I find it much more challenging to sit forward and complain. Adds a whole new level of discomfort to the experience.

Cheap Holiday Gift Ideas!

Brussels Sprouts: The perfect gift for the person who needs a reminder that disappointment comes in small, green packages. A gift that says, 'I wanted to give you something green and festive, but not too enjoyable.'

Macho Fanny Pack: Because real men need somewhere to carry their fragile masculinity.

Printable IOU Coupons: The perfect way to say 'I didn't have time to get you a gift, so here's a piece of paper that promises something cool, eventually... maybe.' Merry procrastination!

"The Tortilla Blanket" For when you want to wrap yourself in the warmth of cultural appropriation.

Boxcar Willie & Slim Whitman's Greatest Hits
The gift that keeps on giving, assuming you have a working cassette player. Nothing says 'I know your taste in music' like a CD from the bargain bin!

KN 95 Masks and Hand Sanitizer:

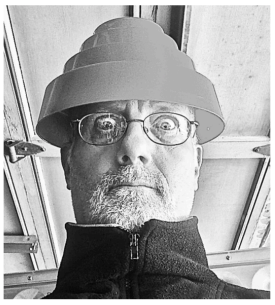
Because nothing says 'I love you' like a stocking full of pandemic essentials. A Christmas gift of safety is the gift that keeps on santa-tizing.

Powerful Cold Medicine: Because nothing says 'Merry Christmas' like a drug-induced haze of holiday cheer.

Fez

Because nothing says 'I'm mysterious and probably own too many cats' like a fez.

One of those **red Trump MAGA Hats**: Because what screams 'holiday cheer' more than a divisive accessory that doubles as a last-minute gift option.



The **Devo Energy Dome**: Because nothing says 'I want to believe in a better world' like a futuristic red hat. Wear it proudly and let everyone know you're part of the exclusive club of people who still remember Devo.

An HH Personalized 2023 Calendar and copy of *The Ex-Poseur*: Each month features a photo of a different Hyper Harrison questioning their life choices – just like the recipients will after receiving this gift.

Mr. Hankie Talking Action Figure: Because nothing says 'I've given up on sophisticated humor' like a chatty Christmas poo.

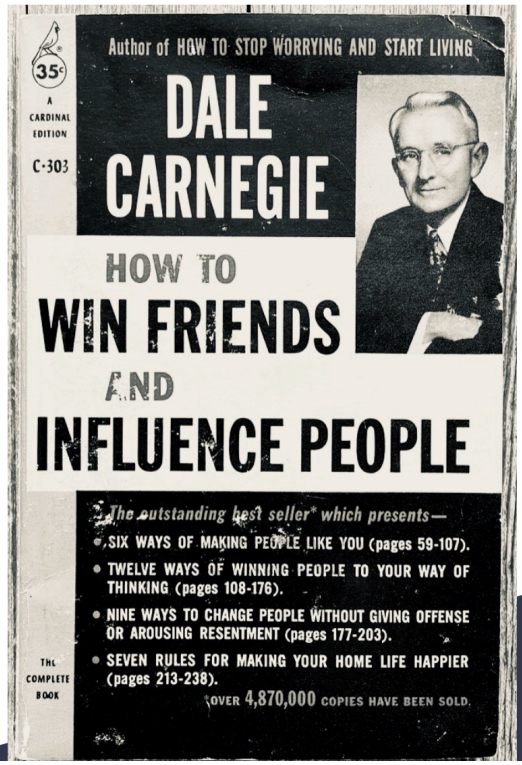
Miller High Life: The Champagne of Beers – because why settle for the real stuff when you can have a budget-friendly buzz and a slogan that sounds fancy?

Bitcoin: The gift that keeps on fluctuating – just like your excitement levels when you check your investment.

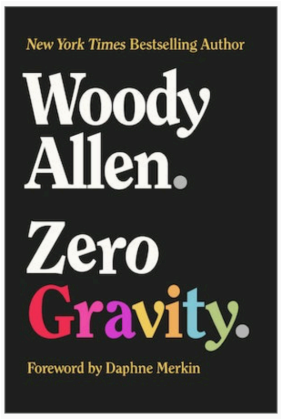
Presidential Magic 8 Ball and Ouija Board: Because why predict the what 2024 holds with one questionable method when you can have two?

Victoria's Secret Sassy Cis Man Outfit: Because nothing says 'comfort' like lace underwear and the subtle questioning of traditional gender norms.

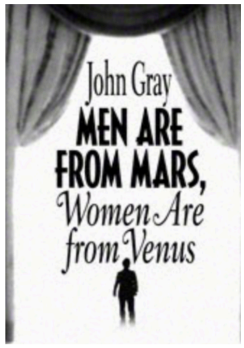
The Book That Changed My Life:


Author of HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING
35¢
A CARDINAL EDITION
C-303
DALE CARNEGIE
HOW TO
WIN FRIENDS
AND
INFLUENCE PEOPLE
The outstanding best seller which presents—
• SIX WAYS OF MAKING PEOPLE LIKE YOU (pages 59-107).
• TWELVE WAYS OF WINNING PEOPLE TO YOUR WAY OF THINKING (pages 108-176).
• NINE WAYS TO CHANGE PEOPLE WITHOUT GIVING OFFENSE OR AROUSING RESENTMENT (pages 177-203).
• SEVEN RULES FOR MAKING YOUR HOME LIFE HAPPIER (pages 213-238).
THE COMPLETE BOOK
OVER 4,870,000 COPIES HAVE BEEN SOLD.

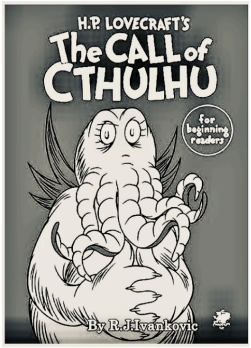
-nobody wants to be my friend now, but if Dale Carnegie and his generation were still alive, I'd be very popular!



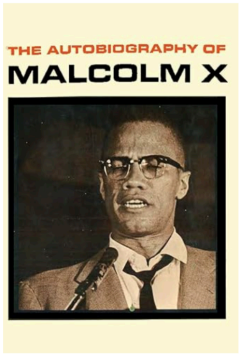
You won't be able to put it down!



WARNING! Reading this book increases your chance of being abducted by 38%



It's not just a book; it's a manual on how to summon an elder god with tentacles. Five stars.



Whenever I find myself facing a dilemma, I ask myself "What Would Malcolm X Do" in this situation?

The Nancy Drew Mysteries: Hone your detective skills and solve spooky puzzles, all while maintaining perfect hair and impeccable fashion sense.

Yet another book that blew my mind was '**Fight Club**' by Chuck Palahniuk. I couldn't stop talking about it, breaking the first rule right there.

The Audacity of Hope by Barack Obama changed my life. Now, whenever I feel audacious, I hope for more audacity. It's a never-ending cycle.

Dreams From My Father by Barack Obama. I tried listening to it on audiobook, but it kept getting interrupted by someone yelling about birth certificates and socialism.

What Happened by Hillary Clinton changed my life. Now, whenever I spill coffee, I blame Bernie Sanders supporters and the electoral college.

The Holy Bible by Moses, Habakkuk, Paul, et al. This book blew my mind AND changed my life (but only the science fictional parts). Learn valuable life lessons from talking snakes & donkeys and spirit beings!

Brave New World by Aldous Huxley. Discover a hedonistic world without war, disease, or poverty, but be prepared to give up your individuality in exchange for a life of comfort and pleasure (or be genetically modified to be suited for a life of guaranteed manual labor). At this point in history, it seems more Utopian than dystopian.

The Greatest Generation by Tom Brokaw changed my life. Now, when my adult kids complain about our Wi-Fi going out, I reminisce about the simpler times of dial-up connections and AOL CDs.

T'was the Week Before Christmas, And Your Wallet Went Thump:

Gifts For the Person Who Has Everything (Except a Reason to Spend More Than $35 on You)

Why squander your hard-earned money on extravagant gifts? This Christmas, I considered mastering the art of frugality by offering my loved ones a firm handshake and a heartfelt “Merry Christmas, you're welcome.” They would receive the gift of my presence, minus the presents, if you will. It's the thought that counts. And in this case, the thought is, “I thought about saving money.”

Of course, I reconsidered. Still, why break the bank when you can break open a wallet with just $35? You could opt for a thoughtful gift, carefully chosen and sure to bring joy, or you could indulge in the glory of sixteen $2 tacos. Or better yet, a $19 Taco blanket from Amazon! Or a couple of packs of cigarettes!!! If you're looking for a gift under $35, another option is to just buy lottery tickets. Worst case, they get nothing. Best case, they become your rich best friend. Ultimately I bought everyone in my family a $35 gift card. If they combine forces, they might be able to afford hiring a family therapist to cope with the disappointment. And in the end, isn't the real gift the lesson in financial responsibility we're all secretly hoping to impart to our children this holiday season?

Coming next year: "If Santa Had a Dollar Store!”

$1
PENNSYLVANIA LOTTERY
OH, WHAT FUN!
PRIZE
Reveal 3 like symbols, win PRIZE shown in the PRIZE area. Reveal 2 like symbols and a (HAT) symbol, DOUBLE the PRIZE shown in the PRIZE area.
000
10 TOP PRIZES OF $5,000!
SCRATCH TO CASH

I'M SENDING CHESTERFIELDS to all my friends. That's the merriest Christmas any smoker can have— Chesterfield mildness plus no unpleasant after-taste
Ronald Reagan
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
CHESTERFIELD
Buy the beautiful Christmas-card carton

Keeping It Real: Santa's Existential Crisis

Santa's Answers to Kids and Grown Ups

Defensive:

- Am I real? Define 'real.' If by 'real,' you mean a mythical figure bringing joy to children, then sure. If by 'real,' you mean emotionally stable, then absolutely not!
- If I wasn't real, how would I explain this beard? It's not magic, you know, it takes years of neglect.
- Look, kid, I'm as real as the struggle to fit into this red suit after all those milk and cookies. Spoiler: It's a tight squeeze, and not just metaphorically.
- Reality is an illusion, little one. The question is, are you real?

Pop Culture References:

- If I'm not real, then who did Tim Allen play in 'The Santa Clause'? Chessmate, atheists!
- Is Santa real? Baby Yoda was real, wasn't he? And you haven't seen him complaining about fake news, have you?

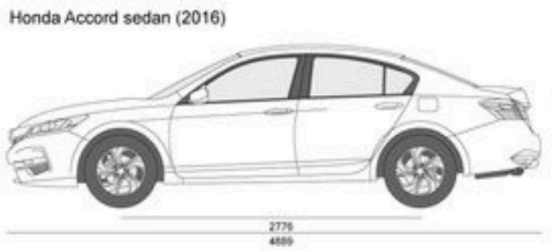
Philosophical:

- In the cozy corners of Santa's inter-dimensional workshop, I am as real as the dreams that traverse the multiverse.
- Believe in the magic of giving, and the joy of a merry Christmas. That's the realest thing there is.
- I exist in the spaces between words and the echoes of thought. Ask yourself, do the shadows on a snowy evening question their reality?
- "Am I real?" In the cybernetic veins of contemporary verse, I am as real as the pixels that compose the digital tapestry of expression. In the algorithmic dance of language, reality is a poetic construct.

Bonus:

- Real? I asked myself that once, and now I'm in therapy.
- The only answer I can give is... "ho ho ho!" (wink)

BIBLICAL TRAVEL: HOLY ROLLERS AND ETERNAL HONDAMNATION



Acts 2:1 And when the day of Pentecost came, the Apostles were all in one Accord…

Noah's cruise had a 'two stars, water everywhere' vibe. Sure, it had a petting zoo, but the entertainment was mostly seasickness and existential dread. (Genesis 6:8-20)

Jonah and Whale: All-inclusive vacation with complimentary three-day stay in a whale's digestive tract. Not recommended for picky eaters. (Jonah 1:17)

"You can enter God's Kingdom only through the narrow gate. The highway to hell is broad, and its gate is wide for the many who choose that way."(Matthew 7:13 NLT)

Jesus walking on water is impressive, but have you tried navigating a crowded mall on Black Friday? Now that's a miracle. (Matthew 14:25)

I once attended a seminar on 'thinking outside the box,' but they forgot to provide directions on how to get back inside the box when I was done.

My retirement plan is to sit back, relax, and reminisce about how nothing turned out as I hoped when I was young and full of ideals. Ah, the sweet taste of shattered dreams!

My kids' retirement plan? Well, they're hoping the student debt fairy will swoop in and magically make it disappear. Fingers crossed, because their diplomas sure didn't do the trick!

I asked Wittgenstein if a tree falling in the forest makes a sound if no one's around. He just looked at me and said, 'If a joke is told and no one laughs, is it still funny?

No one can make me feel my jokes are bad, except for that one cricket in the audience with impeccable comedic timing.

Title: An Analytical Examination of Santa Claus: A Dimension-Hopping Yuletide Quantum Crusader

Abstract:

The global population, estimated at approximately 8 billion people, includes a significant number of children, the exact figures of which are subject to variance based on source reliability and the elusive definition of "children" in contexts such as festive celebrations and military engagements. This article undertakes the challenging task of estimating the number of children who partake in Christmas festivities, taking into account the complex interplay of demographics, cultural practices, and religious affiliations worldwide.

Introduction:

As Christmas transcends religious boundaries and evolves into a multicultural celebration, quantifying the demographic of children actively participating in the holiday becomes a formidable challenge. This analysis, focusing on the subset of Christian-culture children aged 14 and under, approximates their number at 500,000,000. Further extrapolation leads to the revelation that Santa Claus, the icon responsible for delivering presents on December 25th, must visit an astonishing 22 million homes per hour, each housing an average of 2 children.

Discussion:

Navigating this vast network of households and children necessitates a cognitive feat comparable to calculating the gravitational pull of a black hole while multitasking in a festive setting. Santa's mental prowess, akin to a supercomputer fueled by eggnog and Christmas spirit, manages to maintain a mental catalog of a billion dreams, a task rivalling the complexity of a festive centrifuge in action.

Contrary to popular belief in the heartwarming myth of carrot-chomping Rudolph, the reindeer are, in fact, quantum physics aficionados with antlers. Their noses, not aglow with holiday cheer, pulsate with subatomic chronitons, effectively bending time like a pretzel at a physics convention. Santa's sleigh, dismissed by some as a mere vehicle for gift delivery, is revealed to be a time-warping, gift-dropping, turbocharged marvel, skillfully surfing the space-time continuum.

Conclusion:
In conclusion, Santa Claus emerges not as a mere symbol of holiday merriment, but as a multidisciplinary expert—a physicist, a mathematician, a dimension-hopping sugar plum fairy. He embodies the spirit of a Christmas Chaos Theorist, a Yuletide Quantum Crusader, providing empirical proof that, much like Christmas spirit, science can achieve the seemingly impossible, one chimney at a time.

Grown Ups's Questions for Santa Claus

Q. Santa, why didn't you stop the war in the Holy Land?

A. Stopping wars isn't exactly in my skill set. I'm more of a jolly gift-giver, not a geopolitical negotiator. I can barely stop myself from eating too many cookies!

Q. Santa, Has Apple or any other trans-national corporation threatened legal action for copyright infringement?

A. Apple is too busy trying to convince people they need a new iPhone every year. I'm just here spreading joy, not software updates.

Q. But don't you have to broker deals to ship millions of units of trademarked toys and games?

A. I've hired Amazon's elves as consultants this year; they promised speedy deliveries, but only if you have a membership on Santa's Nice List.

Q. Why don't you feed all the hungry people, Santa?

A. World hunger is a complex issue, like unraveling Christmas lights. I've enlisted my culinary elves, but they're still working on perfecting the gingerbread-to-nutrition ratio.

Q. Did you get vaxxxed by the government, Santa?

A. Yes, but they used the extra-long needles. I guess they heard I have a lot of holiday padding to get through. I'm due for my booster shot of sanity soon.

Q. Where do you get the money to buy all those presents?

A. It's a mix of corporate sponsorships, endorsement deals with Coca-Cola, and a little magic. But mostly modern monetary theory.

Q. Can you make my children behave all year?

A. Making kids behave all the time is like teaching cats to line dance—possible in theory, rarely achieved in reality**.**

December 21, 2023

Teens' Questions For Santa!!!

Q. Is Grandma in heaven?

A. If heaven serves martinis, she's probably in the lounge, telling angels they should've worn warmer wings.

Q. So you see everything? Kinda creepy!

A. Almost everything, but even Santa needs his beauty sleep. That's when the elves take over surveillance duty. Trust me; they're pros.

Q. Why didn't you get me everything I wished for?

A. The elves and I had a little mix-up in the workshop. We blame it on the sugar rush from too many candy canes. Next year, we'll double-check the wish list!

Q. Can you make my mom pregnant?

A. That's a bit out of my gift-giving expertise. I specialize in toys and festive socks, not family planning.

Acknowledgements

A lot of jokes and drawings in this zine were generated with the assistance of an AI such as: ChatGPT, Dall-E, and Artbreeder.

Resolutions for 2024:

Read more. Starting with the terms and conditions – apparently, I've agreed to a lot of things without knowing.

Resolution: Find inner peace. If that fails, I'll settle for outer chaos. Either way, it's a win!

Resolution: Become a more well-rounded person. But not physically. Mentally, of course.

Resolution: Write fewer resolutions. I'm considering outsourcing the rest to an AI resolution writer...

Resolution: Stop telling people about my New Year's resolutions.

Editor:
Bubba Harrison

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